



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



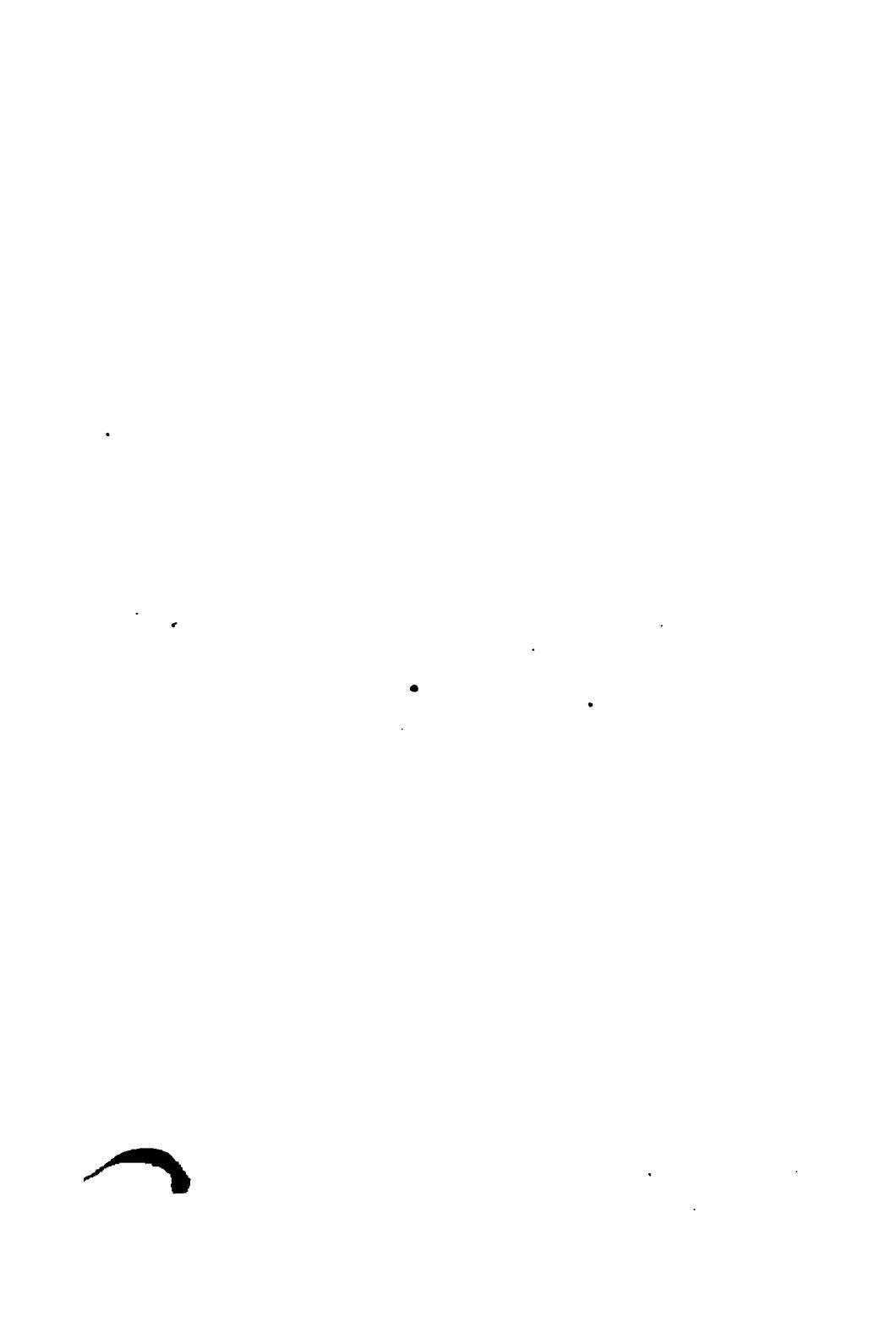


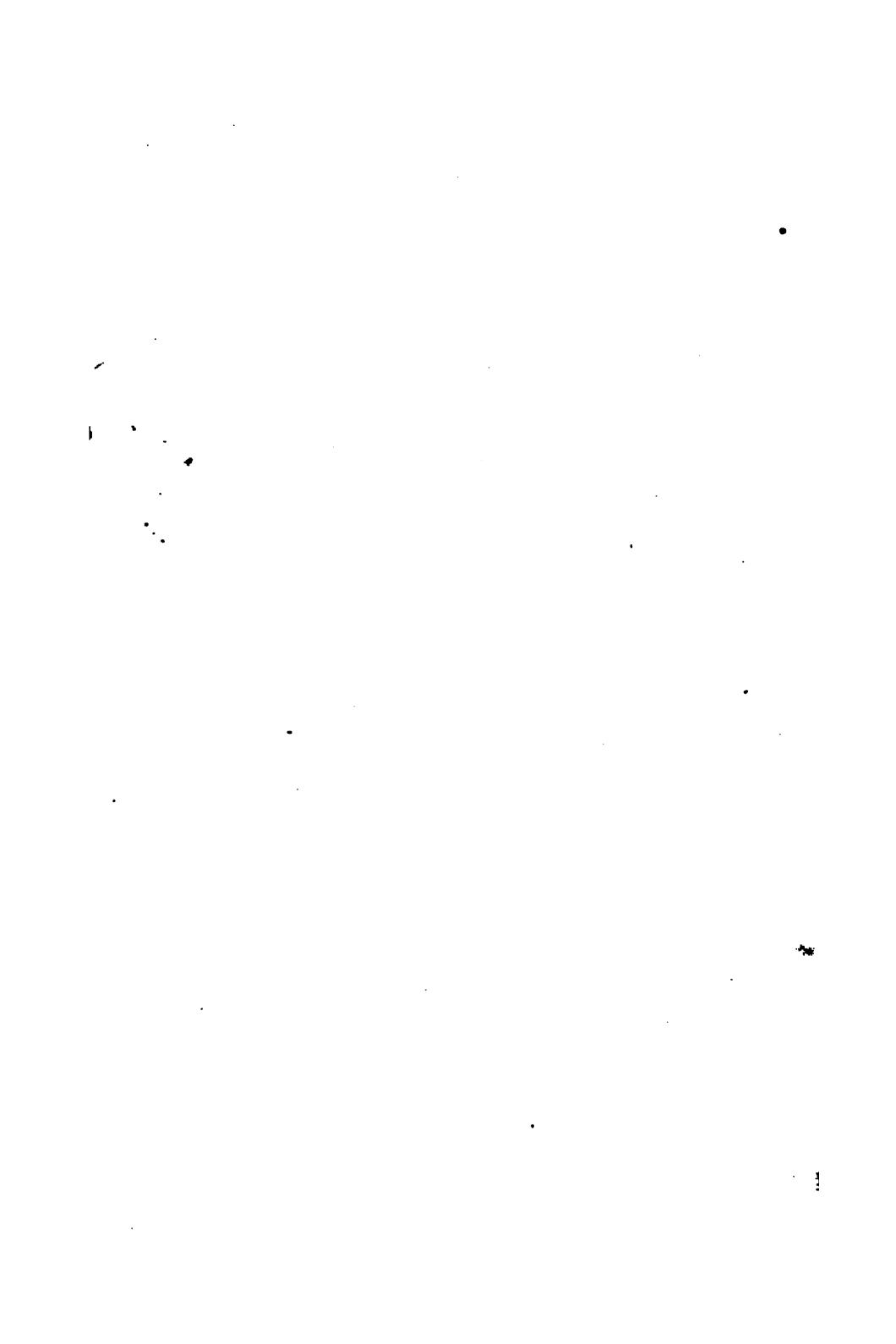
600082726V

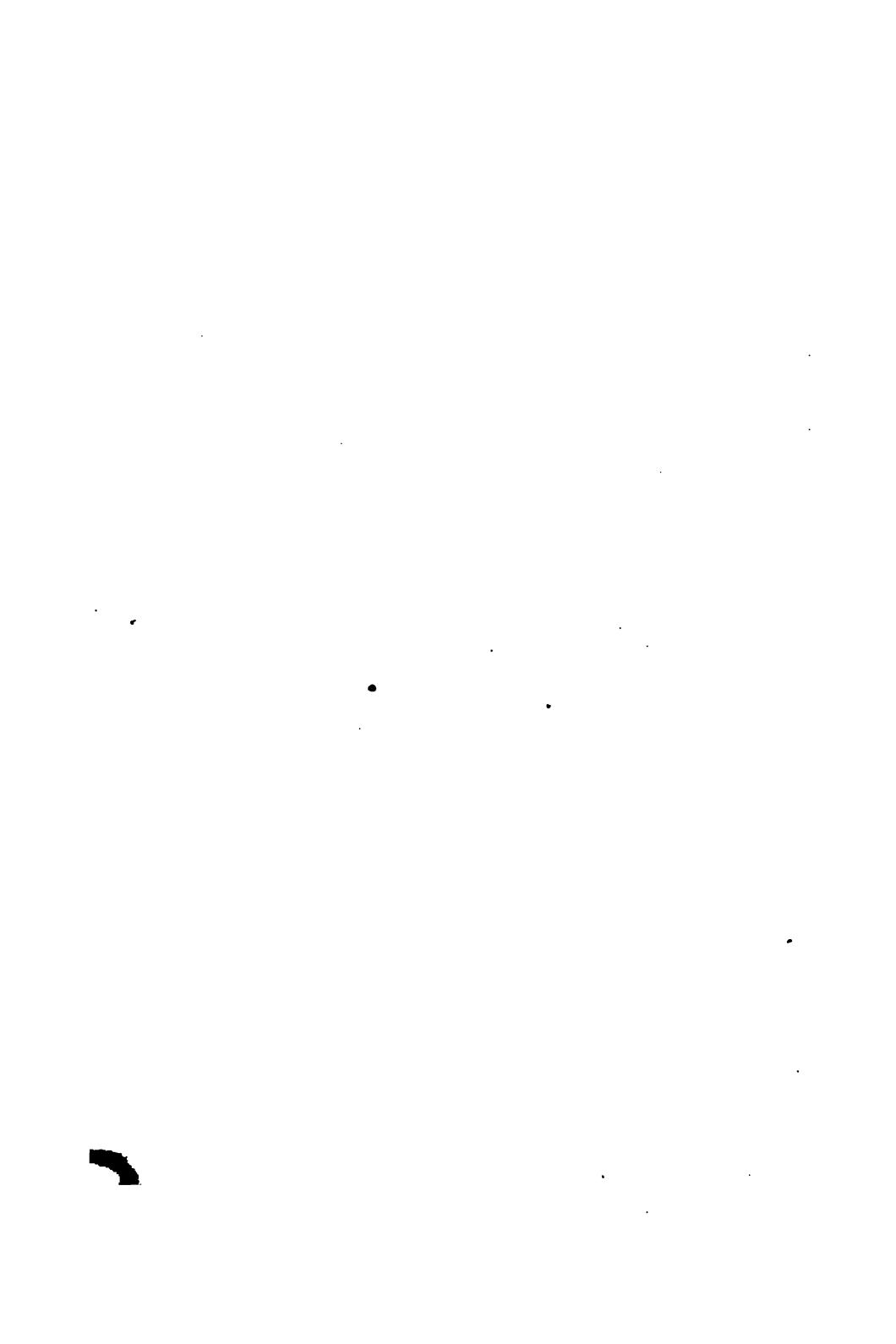


BODLEIAN LIBRARY
OXFORD



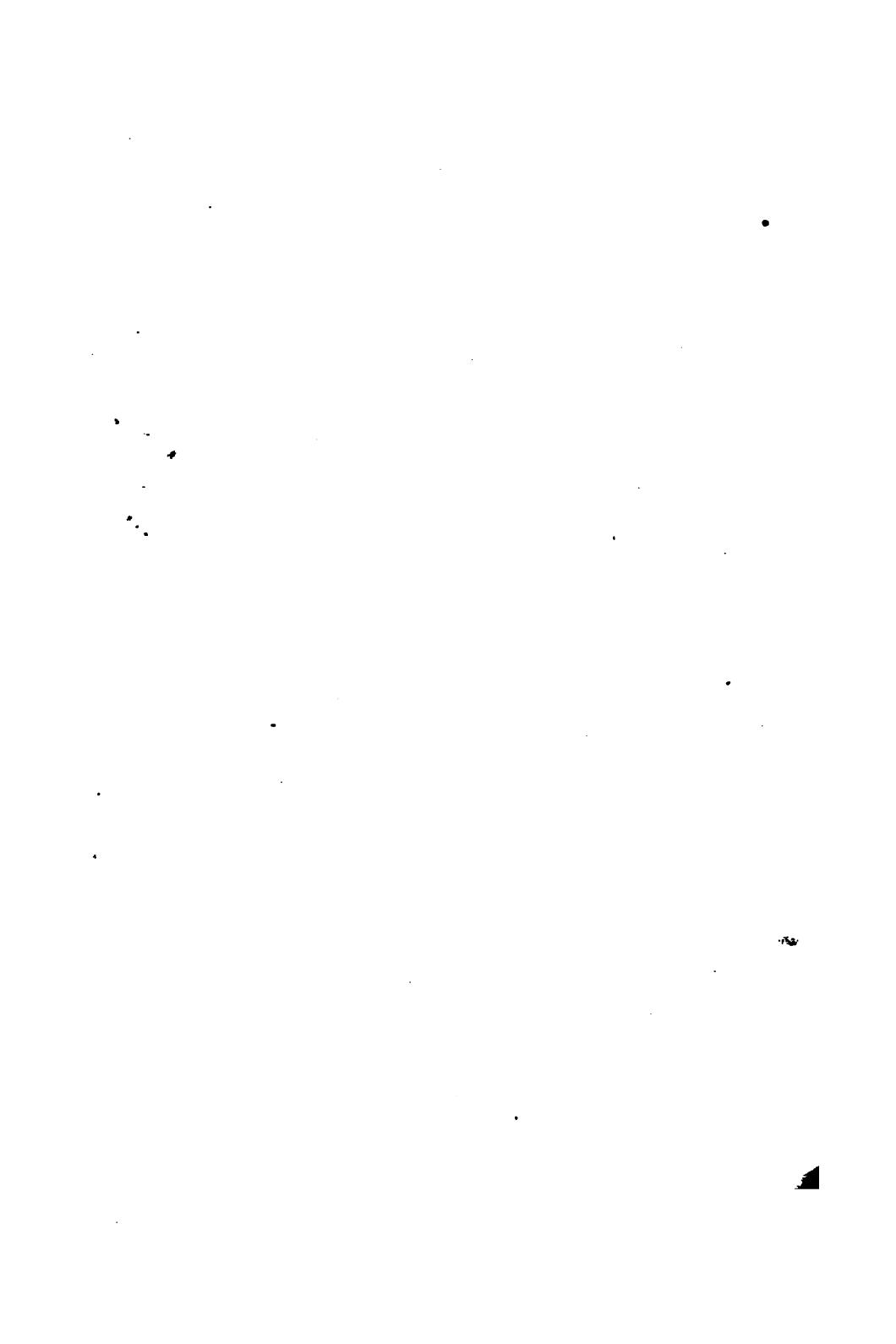




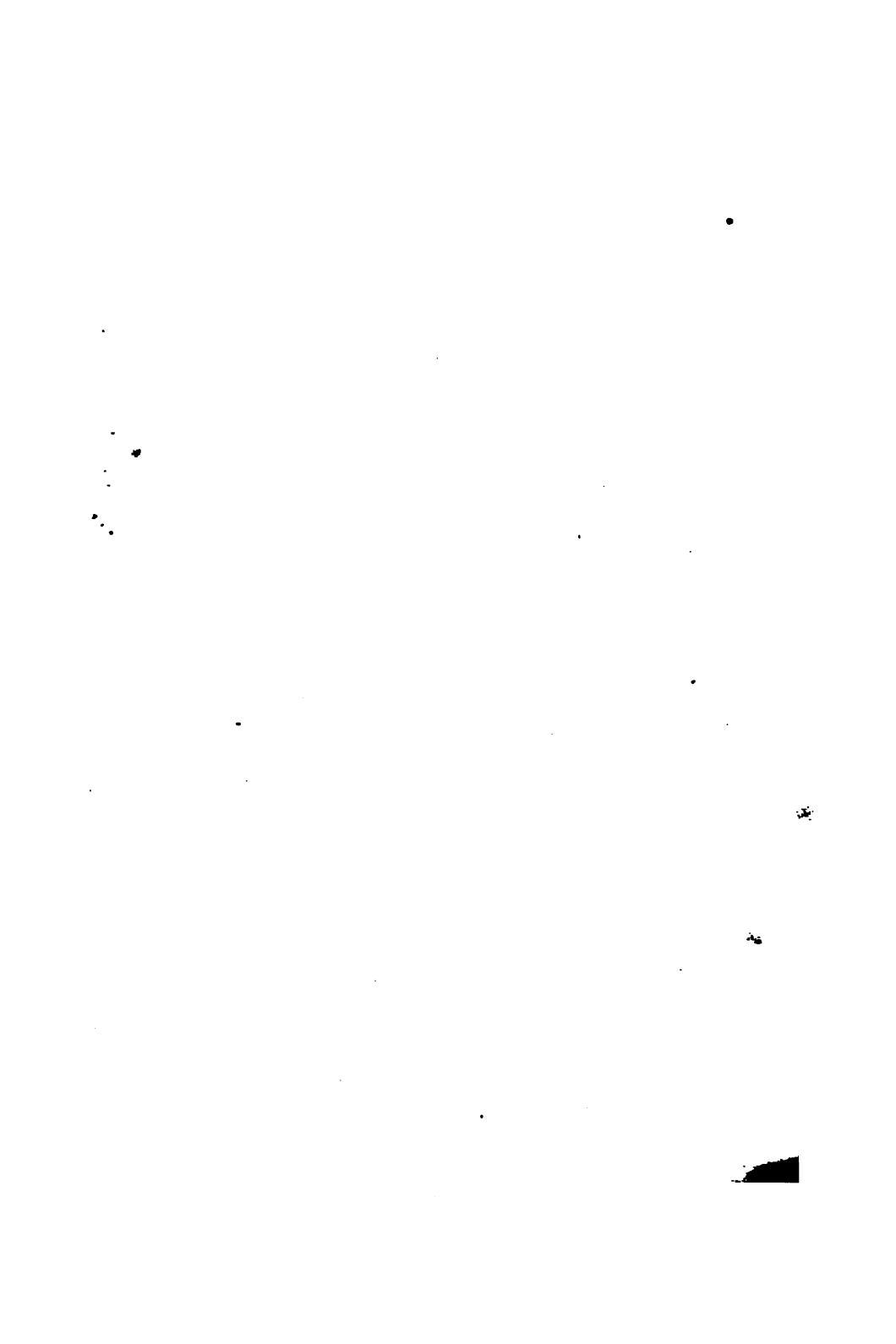


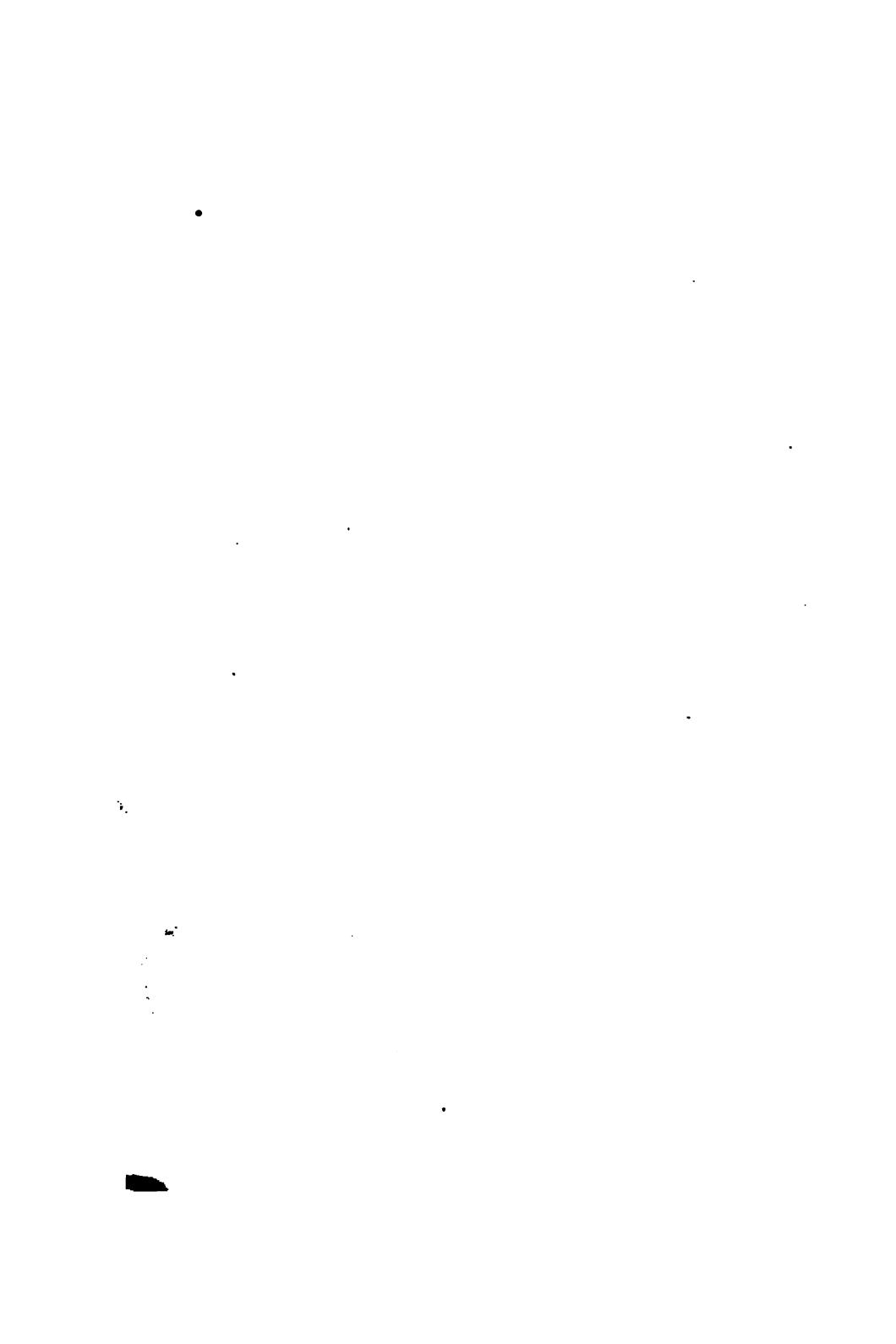












THE RIME
OF
THE ANCIENT MARINER

BY SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

ILLUSTRATED.



LONDON :
SAMPSON LOW, SON & CO.
47, LUDGATE HILL.
1857.

280. 91. 50.



LONDON: R. CLAY, PRINTER, BREAD STREET HILL.



ILLUSTRATIONS.

| | <i>Drauen by</i> | <i>Page</i> |
|--|-------------------------|-------------|
| <i>At length did cross an Albatross</i> | E. H. WEHNERT | Title. |
| <i>It is an ancient Mariner, And he stoppeth one of three</i> | E. H. WEHNERT | 6 |
| <i>Merrily did we drop Below the kirk, below the hill</i> | BIRKET FOSTER | 7 |
| <i>Nodding their heads before her goes The merry minstrelsy</i> | E. H. WEHNERT | 9 |
| <i>And ice, mast-high, came floating by, As green as emerald</i> | E. DUNCAN. | 10 |
| <i>And every day, for food or play, Came to the mariners' hollo !</i> | E. H. WEHNERT | 12 |
| <i>With my cross-bow</i> | | |
| <i>I shot the Albatross</i> | E. H. WEHNERT | 13 |
| <i>Ah wretch ! said they, the bird to slay, That made the breeze to blow !</i> | E. H. WEHNERT | 14 |
| <i>As idle as a painted ship Upon a painted ocean</i> | E. DUNCAN. | 16 |
| <i>Instead of the cross, the Albatross About my neck was hung</i> | E. H. WEHNERT | 18 |
| <i>When looking westward, I beheld A something in the sky</i> | E. H. WEHNERT | 19 |
| <i>When that strange shape drove suddenly Betwixt us and the Sun</i> | E. DUNCAN. | 21 |

| | Drawn by | Page |
|--|---------------------|------|
| <i>The naked hulk alongside came,</i> <i>And the twain were casting dice</i> | E. H. WEHNERT . . . | 23 |
| <i>The souls did from their bodies fly,—</i> <i>They fled to bliss or woe !</i> | E. H. WEHNERT . . . | 24 |
| <i>I fear thee, ancient Mariner !</i> <i>I fear thy skinny hand !</i> | E. H. WEHNERT . . . | 26 |
| <i>The moving Moon went up the sky,</i> <i>And nowhere did abide</i> | E. DUNCAN | 29 |
| <i>A spring of love gushed from my heart,</i> <i>And I blessed them unaware</i> | E. H. WEHNERT . . . | 30 |
| <i>Till noon we quietly sailed on,</i> <i>Yet never a breeze did breathe</i> | E. DUNCAN | 34 |
| <i>I heard, and in my soul discerned</i> <i>Two voices in the air</i> | E. H. WEHNERT . . . | 36 |
| <i>'Twas night, calm night, the moon was high ;</i> <i>The dead men stood together</i> | E. H. WEHNERT . . . | 39 |
| <i>And on the bay the moonlight lay,</i> <i>And the shadow of the moon</i> | BIRKET FOSTER . . . | 41 |
| <i>The skiff-boat neared : I heard them talk,</i> <i>Why, this is strange, I trow !</i> | E. H. WEHNERT . . . | 44 |
| <i>The boat came closer to the ship,</i> <i>But I nor spake nor stirred</i> | E. DUNCAN | 46 |
| <i>I took the oars : the Pilot's boy,</i> <i>Who now doth crazy go</i> | E. H. WEHNERT . . . | 47 |
| <i>To walk together to the kirk,</i> <i>And all together pray</i> | E. H. WEHNERT . . . | 49 |
| <i>He prayeth well, who loveth well</i> <i>Both man and bird and beast</i> | E. H. WEHNERT . . . | 51 |



THE
RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER.
IN SEVEN PARTS.

FACILE credo, plures esse Naturas invisibles quam visibles in rerum universitate. Sed horum omnium familiam quis nobis enarrabit, et gradus et cognationes et discrimina et singulorum munera? Quid agunt? Quæ loca habitant? Harum rerum notitiam semper ambivit ingenium humanum, nunquam attigit. Juvat, interea, non diffiteor, quandoque in animo, tanquam in tabulâ, majoris et melioris mundi imaginem contemplari: ne mens assuefacta hodiernæ vitæ minutis se contrahat nimis, et tota subsidat in pusillas cogitationes. Sed veritati interea invigilandum est, modusque servandus, ut certa ab incertis, diem a nocte, distinguamus.

BURNET. ARCHÆOL. PHIL. p. 68.



PART I.

An ancient Mariner
meeteth three
gallants bidden
to a wedding-
feast, and detain-
eth one.

It is an ancient Mariner,
And he stoppeth one of three.
“By thy long grey beard and glittering eye,
Now wherefore stopp’st thou me?



“The Bridegroom’s doors are opened wide,
And I am next of kin;
The guests are met, the feast is set:
May’st hear the merry din.”



He holds him with his skinny hand,
“There was a ship,” quoth he.
“Hold off! unhand me, grey-beard loon!”
Eftsoons his hand dropt he.

The Wedding-Guest is spell-bound by the eye of the old sea-faring man, and constrained to hear his tale.

He holds him with his glittering eye—
The Wedding-Guest stood still,
And listens like a three years' child :
The Mariner hath his will.

The Wedding-Guest sat on a stone :
He cannot choose but hear ;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed Mariner.

“ The ship was cheered, the harbour cleared,
Merrily did we drop
Below the kirk, below the hill,
Below the lighthouse top.

The Mariner tells how the ship sailed southward with a good wind and fair weather till it reached the Line.

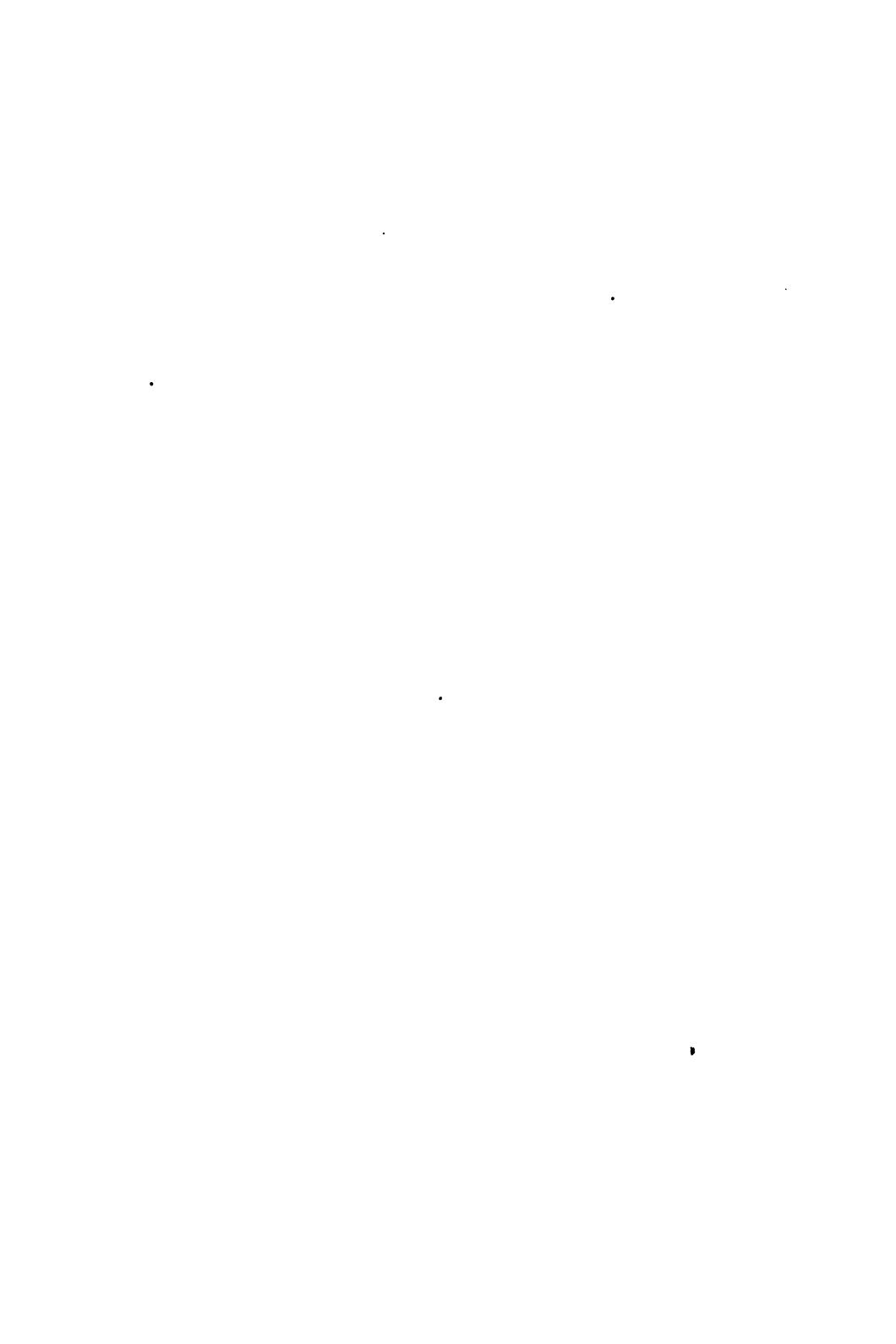
“ The sun came up upon the left,
Out of the sea came he !
And he shone bright, and on the right
Went down into the sea.

“ Higher and higher every day,
Till over the mast at noon— ”
The Wedding-Guest here beat his breast,
For he heard the loud bassoon.

The Wedding-Guest heareth the bridal music ; but the Mariner continueth his tale.

The Bride hath paced into the hall,
Red as a rose is she ;
Nodding their heads before her goes
The merry minstrelsy.

The Wedding-Guest he beat his breast,
Yet he cannot choose but hear ;





And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed Mariner.



“ And now the storm-blast came, and he
Was tyrannous and strong :
He struck with his o’ertaking wings,
And chased us south along.

The ship drawn
by a storm to-
ward the south
pole.

“ With sloping masts and dipping prow,
As who pursued with yell and blow
Still treads the shadow of his foe,
And forward bends his head,



The ship drove fast, loud roared the blast,
And southward aye we fled.



“And now there came both mist and snow,
And it grew wondrous cold :
And ice, mast-high, came floating by,
As green as emerald.

“ And through the drifts the snowy cliffs
Did send a dismal sheen :
Nor shapes of men nor beasts we ken—
The ice was all between.

The land of ice,
and of fearful
sounds where no
living thing was
to be seen.

“ The ice was here, the ice was there,
The ice was all around :
It cracked and growled, and roared and
 howled,
Like noises in a swound !

“ At length did cross an Albatross,
Thorough the fog it came ;
As if it had been a Christian soul,
We hail'd it in God's name.

Till a great sea-
bird, called the
Albatross, came
through the
snow-fog, and
was received
with great joy
and hospitality.

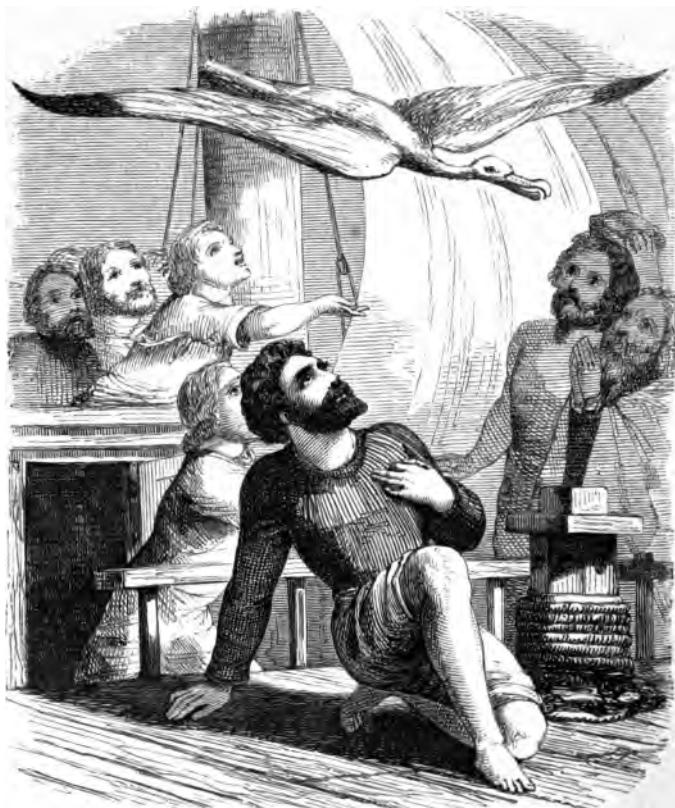
“ It ate the food it ne'er had eat,
And round and round it flew.
The ice did split with a thunder-fit ;
The helmsman steered us through.

“ And a good south wind sprung up behind ;
The Albatross did follow,
And every day, for food or play,
Came to the mariners' hollo !

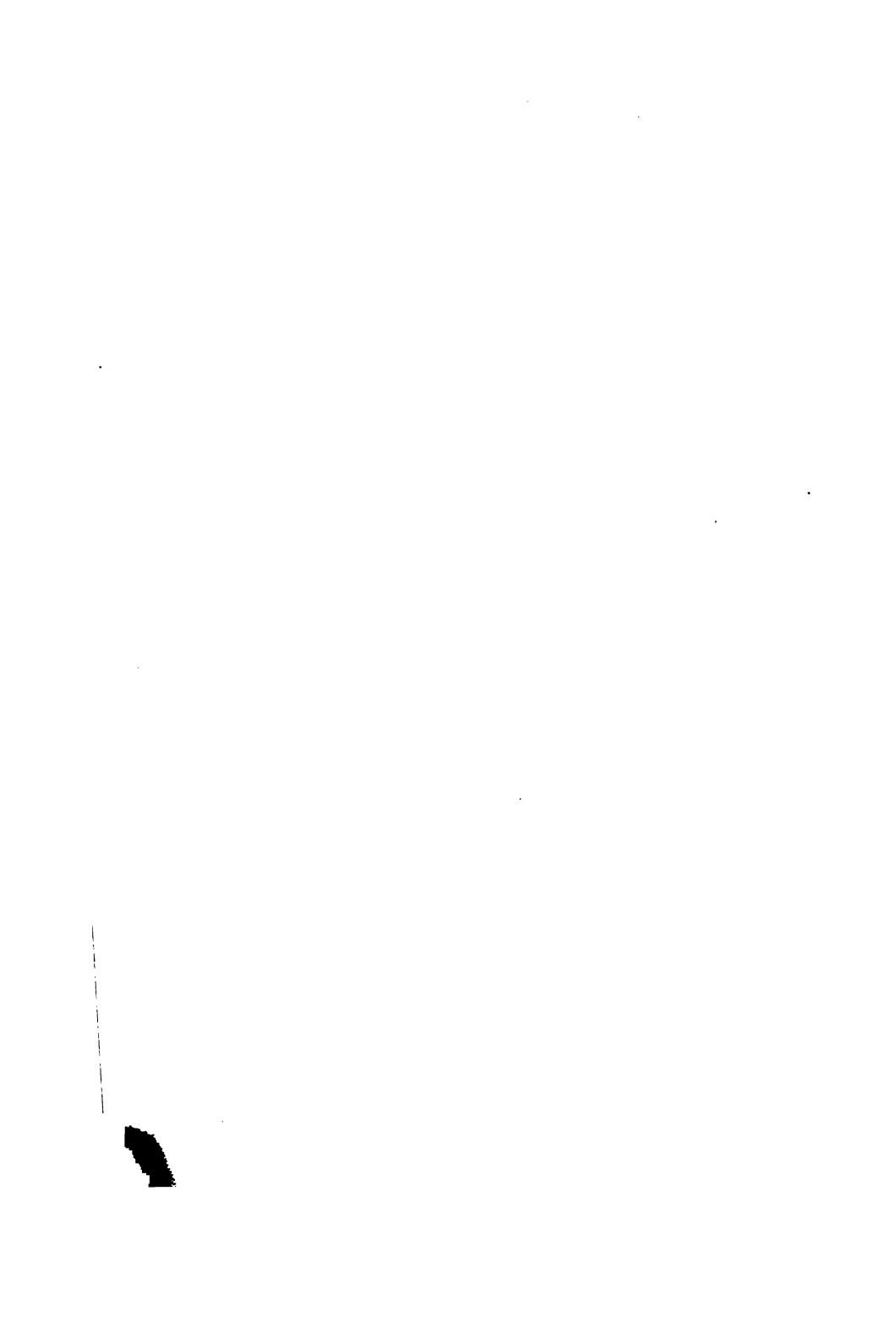
And lo ! the Al-
batross proewth
a bird of good
omen, and fol-
lowewth the ship
as it returned

northward
through fog and
floating ice.

“ In mist or cloud, on mast or shroud,
It perched for vespers nine;



Whiles all the night, through fog-smoke white,
Glimmered the white moon-shine.”



“God save thee, ancient Mariner !
From the fiends, that plague thee thus !—

The ancient Mariner inhospitably killeth the



“Why look’st thou so ? ”—“ With my cross-bow pious bird of good omen.
I shot the Albatross.”



PART II.

“THE Sun now rose upon the right:
Out of the sea came he,
Still hid in mist, and on the eft
Went down into the sea.



“ And the good south wind still blew behind,
But no sweet bird did follow,
Nor any day for food or play
Came to the mariners’ hollo !

“ And I had done a hellish thing,
And it would work ’em woe :
For all averred, I had killed the bird
That made the breeze to blow.
‘ Ah wretch ! ’ said they, ‘ the bird to slay,
That made the breeze to blow ! ’

His shipmates
cry out against
the ancient Mar-
iner, for killing
the bird of good
luck.

“ Nor dim nor red, like God’s own head,
The glorious Sun uprise :
Then all averred, I had killed the bird
That brought the fog and mist.
‘ ‘Twas right,’ said they, ‘ such birds to slay,
That bring the fog and mist.’

But when the
fog cleared off,
they justify
the same, and thus
make themselves
accomplices in
the crime.

“ The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,
The furrow followed free ;
We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea.

The fair breeze
continues; the
ship enters the
Pacific Ocean,
and sails north-
ward, even till it
reaches the Line.

“ Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt down,
‘ Twas sad as sad could be ;
And we did speak only to break
The silence of the sea !

The ship hath
been suddenly
becalmed.

“ All in a hot and copper sky,
The bloody Sun, at noon,

Right up above the mast did stand,
No bigger than the Moon.



“ Day after day, day after day,
We stuck, nor breath nor motion;
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.



“ Water, water, everywhere,
And all the boards did shrink ;
Water, water, everywhere,
Nor any drop to drink.

And the Alba-
tross begins to be
avenged.

“ The very deep did rot : O Christ !
That ever this should be !
Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs
Upon the slimy sea.

“ About, about, in reel and rout
The death-fires danced at night ;
The water, like a witch’s oils,
Burnt green, and blue and white.

“ And some in dreams assured were
Of the spirit that plagued us so ;
Nine fathom deep he had follow’d us
From the land of mist and snow.

A spirit had fol-
lowed them ; one
of the invisible
inhabitants of
this planet, nei-
ther departed
souls nor angels ;
concerning whom
the learned Jew,

Josephus, and the Platonic Constantinopolitan, Michael Psellus, may be consulted.
They are very numerous, and there is no climate or element without one or more.

“ And every tongue, through utter drought,
Was withered at the root ;
We could not speak, no more than if
We had been choked with soot.

The shipmates,
in their sore dis-
tress, would fain
throw the whole
guilt on the an-
cient Mariner : in
sign whereof

“ Ah ! well a-day ! what evil looks
Had I from old and young !

they hang the
dead sea-bird
round his neck.

Instead of the cross, the Albatross
About my neck was hung."









PART III.

“ THERE passed a weary time. Each throat
Was parched, and glazed each eye.
A weary time ! a weary time !
How glazed each weary eye,
When looking westward, I beheld
A something in the sky.

The ancient Mariner beholdeh a
sign in the ele-
ment afar off.

“At first it seemed a little speck,
And then it seemed a mist;
It moved and moved, and took at last
A certain shape, I wist.

“A speck, a mist, a shape, I wist!
And still it neared and neared:
As if it dodged a water-sprite,
It plunged and tacked and veered.

At its nearer approach, it seemeth him to be a ship; and at a dear ransom he freeth his speech from the bonds of thirst.

“With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,
We could nor laugh nor wail;
Through utter drought all dumb we stood!
I bit my arm, I sucked the blood,
And cried, A sail! a sail!

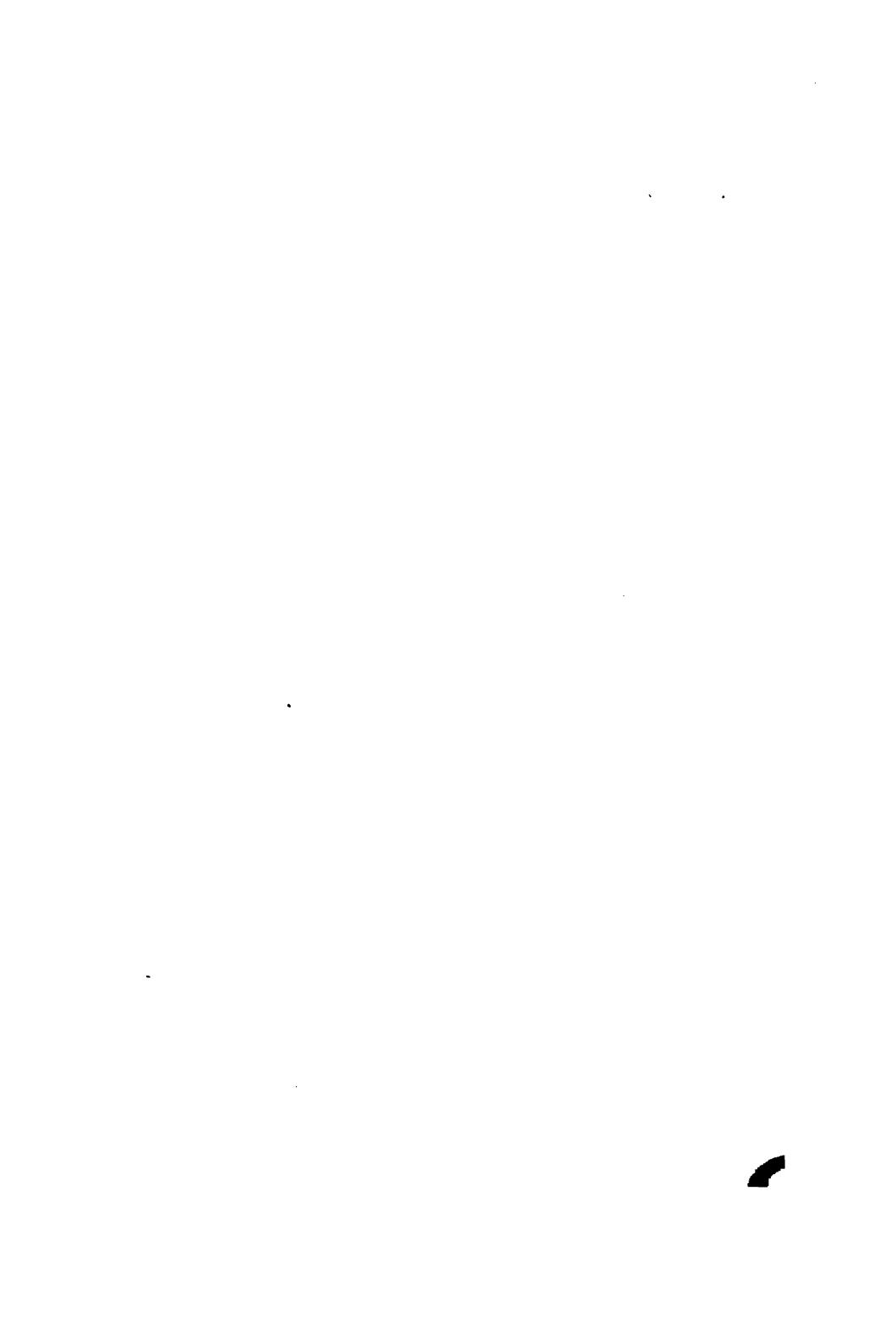
A flash of joy;

“With throats unslaked, with black lips baked
Agape they heard me call:
Gramercy! they for joy did grin,
And all at once their breath drew in,
As they were drinking all.

And horror follows. For can it be a ship that comes onward without wind or tide?

“See! see! (I cried) she tacks no more!
Hither to work us weal;
Without a breeze, without a tide,
She steadies with upright keel!

“The western wave was all a-flame,
The day was well-nigh done!





Almost upon the western wave
Rested the broad bright Sun ;



When that strange shape drove suddenly
Betwixt us and the Sun.

It seemeth him
but the skeleton
of a ship.

“ And straight the Sun was flecked with bars,
(Heaven’s Mother send us grace !)
As if through a dungeon grate he peered
With broad and burning face.

“ Alas ! (thought I, and my heart beat loud)
How fast she nears and nears !
Are those her sails that glance in the Sun,
Like restless gossameres ?

And its ribs are
seen as bars on
the face of the
setting Sun. The
spectre-woman
and her death-
mate, and no
other on board
the skeleton-
ship.

“ Are those her ribs through which the Sun
Did peer, as through a grate ?
And is that Woman all her crew ?
Is that a Death ? and are there two ?
Is Death that woman’s mate ?

Like vessel, like
crew !

“ Her lips were red, her looks were free,
Her locks were yellow as gold :
Her skin was as white as leprosy,
The Night-mare Life-in-Death was she,
Who thickens man’s blood with cold.

Death and Life-
in-death have
diced for the
ship’s crew :
she (the latter)
winneth the an-
cient Mariner.

“ The naked hulk alongside came,
And the twain were casting dice ;
‘ The game is done ! I’ve, I’ve won ! ’
Quoth she, and whistles thrice.

Not twilight with-
in the courts of
the Sun.

“ The Sun’s rim dips ; the stars rush out :
At one stride comes the dark ;
With far-heard whisper, o’er the sea,
Off shot the spectre-bark.

“ We listened and looked sideways up ! At the rising of
the Moon,
Fear at my heart, as at a cup,
My life-blood seemed to sip !



The stars were dim, and thick the night,
The steersman’s face by his lamp gleamed white ;
From the sails the dew did drip—

Till clomb above the eastern bar
The horned Moon, with one bright star
Within the nether tip.



One after an-
other,

“ One after one, by the star-dogged Moon,
Too quick for groan or sigh,

Each turned his face with a ghastly pang,
And cursed me with his eye.

“ Four times fifty living men,
(And I heard nor sigh nor groan,)
With heavy thump, a lifeless lump,
They dropped down one by one.

His shipmates
drop down dead.

“ The souls did from their bodies fly,—
They fled to bliss or woe !
And every soul, it passed me by,
Like the whizz of my cross-bow ! ”

But Life-in-
Death begins her
work on the an-
cient Mariner.



PART IV.

The Wedding-
Guest feareth
that a spirit is
talking to him.

“I FEAR thee, ancient Mariner !
I fear thy skinny hand !
And thou art long, and lank, and brown,
As is the ribbed sea-sand.



“ I fear thee and thy glittering eye,
And thy skinny hand, so brown.”—

“ Fear not, fear not, thou Wedding-Guest !
This body dropt not down.

But the ancient
Mariner assureth
him of his bodily
life, and proceed-
eth to relate his
horrible penance.

“ Alone, alone, all, all alone,
Alone on a wide, wide sea !
And never a saint took pity on
My soul in agony.

“ The many men, so beautiful !
And they all dead did lie :
And a thousand thousand slimy things
Lived on ; and so did I.

He despiseth the
creatures of the
calm.

“ I looked upon the rotting sea,
And drew my eyes away ;
I looked upon the rotting deck,
And there the dead men lay.

And enviyeth that
they should live,
and so many lie
dead.

“ I looked to heaven, and tried to pray ;
But or ever a prayer had gusht,
A wicked whisper came, and made
My heart as dry as dust.

“ I closed my lids, and kept them close,
And the balls like pulses beat ;
For the sky and the sea, and the sea and the sky,
Lay like a load on my weary eye,
And the dead were at my feet.

But the curse
liveth for him in
the eye of the
dead men.

“ The cold sweat melted from their limbs,
Nor rot nor reek did they :
The look with which they looked on me
Had never passed away.

“ An orphan’s curse would drag to hell
A spirit from on high ;
But oh ! more horrible than that
Is the curse in a dead man’s eye !
Seven days, seven nights, I saw that curse,
And yet I could not die.

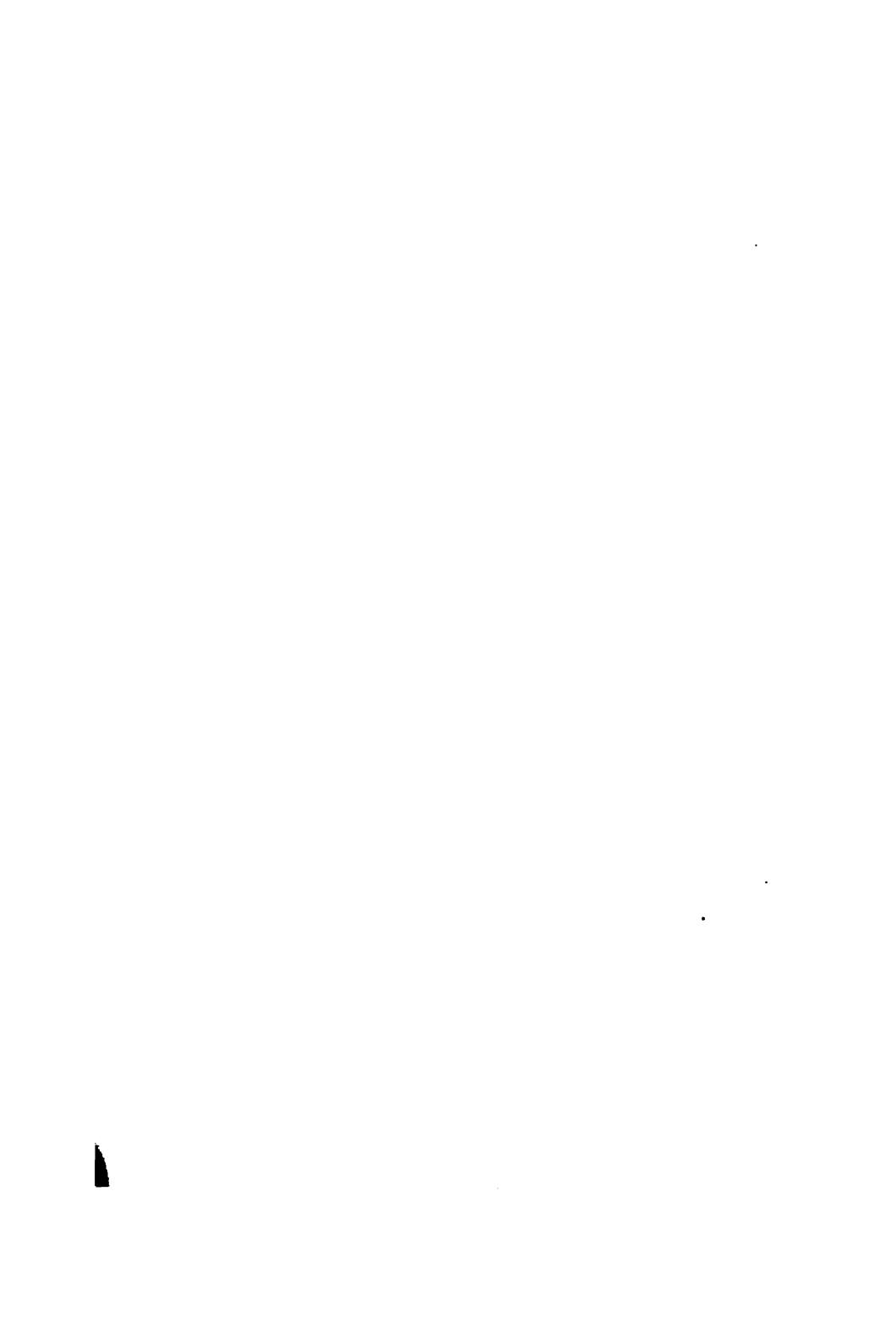
In his loneliness
and fixedness he
yearneth towards
the journeying
Moon, and the
stars that still
sojourn, yet still
move onward ;
and everywhere

the blue sky belongs to them, and is their appointed rest, and their native country and
their own natural homes, which they enter unannounced, as lords that are certainly
expected, and yet there is a silent joy at their arrival.

“ Her beams bemocked the sultry main,
Like April hoar-frost spread ;
But where the ship’s huge shadow lay,
The charmed water burnt alway
A still and awful red.

By the light of
the Moon he be-
holdeth God’s
creatures of the
great calm.

“ Beyond the shadow of the ship,
I watched the water-snakes :
They moved in tracks of shining white,
And when they reared, the elfish light
Fell off in hoary flakes.



“Within the shadow of the ship
I watched their rich attire :

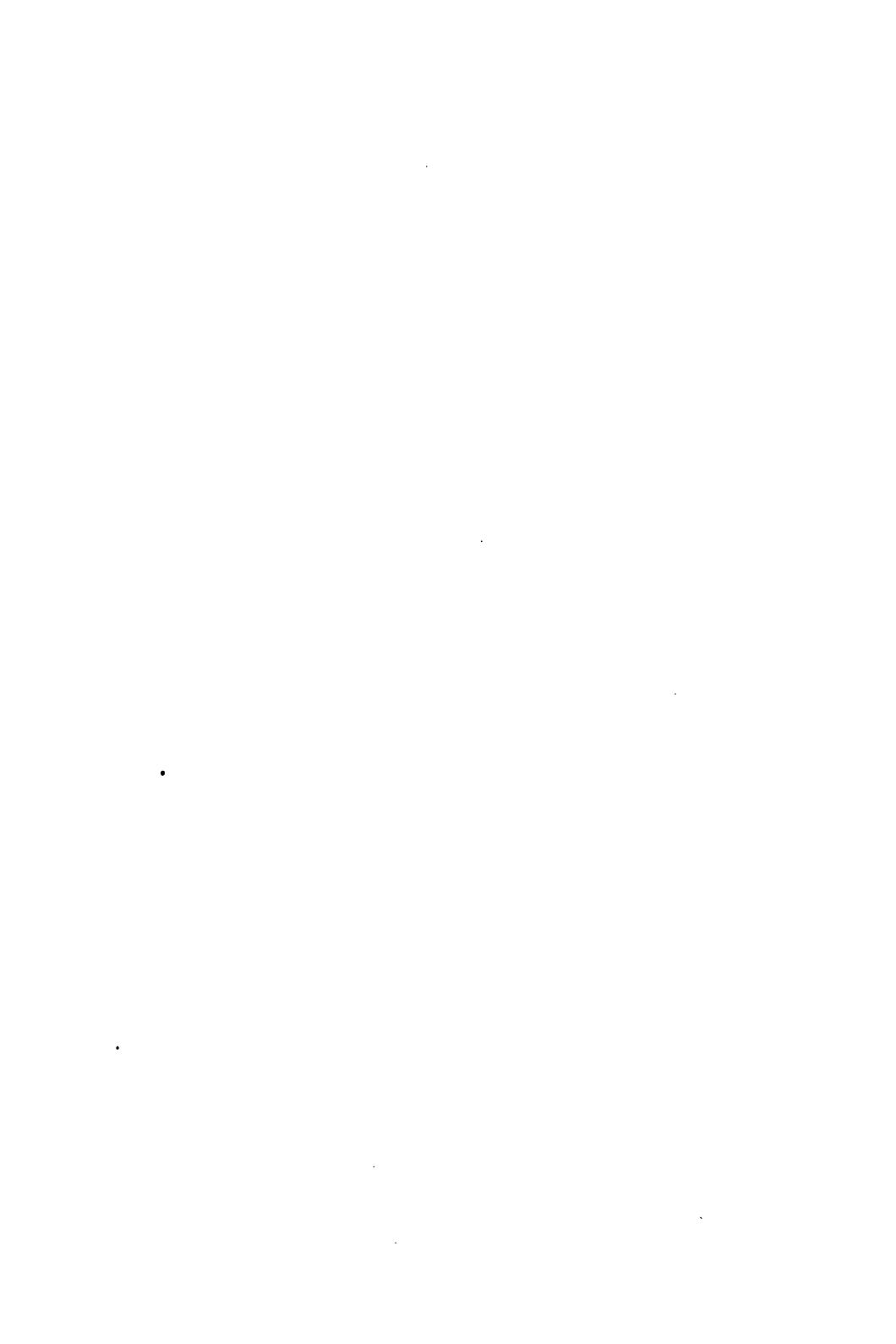


Blue, glossy green, and velvet black,
They coiled and swam ; and every track
Was a flash of golden fire.

Their beauty and
their happiness. "O happy living things ! no tongue
Their beauty might declare :
A spring of love gushed from my heart,



He blesseth them And I blessed them unaware :
in his heart. Sure my kind saint took pity on me,
And I blessed them unaware.



“ The selfsame moment I could pray ;
And from my neck so free
The Albatross fell off, and sank
Like lead into the sea.”

The spell begins
to break. .

PART V.

“ OH Sleep ! it is a gentle thing,
Beloved from pole to pole !
To Mary Queen the praise be given !
She sent the gentle sleep from Heaven,
That slid into my soul.

“ The silly buckets on the deck,
That had so long remained,
I dreamt that they were filled with dew ;
And when I awoke, it rained.

By grace of the
holy Mother, the
ancient Mariner
is refreshed with
rain.

“ My lips were wet, my throat was cold,
My garments all were dank ;
Sure I had drunken in my dreams,
And still my body drank.

“ I moved, and could not feel my limbs :
I was so light—almost
I thought that I had died in sleep,
And was a blessed ghost.

He heareth
sounds and seeth
strange sights
and commotions
in the sky and
the elements.

“ And soon I heard a roaring wind :
It did not come anear ;
But with its sound it shook the sails,
That were so thin and sere.

“ The upper air burst into life !
And a hundred fire-flags sheen,
To and fro they were hurried about !
And to and fro, and in and out,
The wan stars danced between.

“ And the coming wind did roar more loud,
And the sails did sigh like sedge ;
And the rain poured down from one black cloud
The Moon was at its edge.

“ The thick black cloud was cleft, and still
The Moon was at its side :
Like waters shot from some high crag,
The lightning fell with never a jag,
A river steep and wide.

The bodies of the
ship's crew are
inspired, and the
ship moves on ;

“ The loud wind never reached the ship,
Yet now the ship moved on !
Beneath the lightning and the moon
The dead men gave a groan.

“ They groaned, they stirred, they all uprose,
Nor spake, nor moved their eyes ;
It had been strange, even in a dream,
To have seen those dead men rise.



“ The helmsman steered, the ship moved on ;
Yet never a breeze up blew ;
The mariners all 'gan work the ropes,
Where they were wont to do ;
They raised their limbs like lifeless tools—
We were a ghastly crew.

“ The body of my brother's son
Stood by me, knee to knee :
The body and I pulled at one rope,
But he said nought to me.”

“ I fear thee, ancient Mariner !”
“ Be calm, thou Wedding-Guest !
'Twas not those souls that fled in pain,
Which to their corses came again,
But a troop of spirits blest :
For when it dawnd—they dropped their arms,
And cluster'd round the mast ;
Sweet sounds rose slowly through their mouths,
And from their bodies passed.

But not by the
souls of the men,
nor by demons of
earth or middle
air, but by a
blessed troop of
angelic spirits,
sent down by the
invocation of the
guardian saint.

“ Around, around, flew each sweet sound,
Then darted to the Sun ;
Slowly the sounds came back again,
Now mixed, now one by one.

“ Sometimes a-dropping from the sky
I heard the sky-lark sing ;
Sometimes all little birds that are,
How they seemed to fill the sea and air
With their sweet jargoning !

“ And now 'twas like all instruments,
Now like a lonely flute ;



And now it is an angel's song,
That makes the heavens be mute.



“ It ceased ; yet still the sails made on
A pleasant noise till noon,
A noise like of a hidden brook
In the leafy month of June,
That to the sleeping woods all night
Singeth a quiet tune.

“ Till noon we quietly sailed on,
Yet never a breeze did breathe :
Slowly and smoothly went the ship,
Moved onward from beneath.

“ Under the keel nine fathom deep,
From the land of mist and snow,
The spirit slid : and it was he
That made the ship to go.
The sails at noon left off their tune,
And the ship stood still also.

The lonesome
spirit from the
south-pole
carries on the
ship as far as the
line, in obedience
to the angelic
troop, but still
requireth ven-
geance.

“ The Sun, right up above the mast,
Had fixed her to the ocean :
But in a minute she 'gan stir,
With a short uneasy motion—
Backwards and forwards half her length
With a short uneasy motion.

“ Then like a pawing horse let go,
She made a sudden bound :
It flung the blood into my head,
And I fell down in a swoond.

The Polar Spi-
rit's fellow de-
mons, the invis-
ible inhabitants

“ How long in that same fit I lay,
I have not to declare ;



of the element,
take part in his
wrong ; and two
of them relate,
one to the other,

But ere my living life returned,
I heard, and in my soul discerned
Two voices in the air.





“ ‘ Is it he ? ’ quoth one, ‘ Is this the man ?
By Him who died on cross,
With his cruel bow he laid full low
The harmless Albatross.

that penance long
and heavy for the
ancient Mariner
hath been accorded
to the Polar
Spirit, who returneth southward.

“ ‘ The spirit who bideth by himself
In the land of mist and snow,
He loved the bird that loved the man
Who shot him with his bow.’

“ The other was a softer voice,
As soft as honey-dew ;
Quoth he, ‘ The man hath penance done,
And penance more will do.’ ”

PART VI.

FIRST VOICE.

“ ‘ BUT tell me, tell me ! speak again,
Thy soft response renewing—
What makes that ship drive on so fast ?
What is the ocean doing ? ’

SECOND VOICE.

“ ‘ Still as a slave before his lord,
The Ocean hath no blast ;
His great bright eye most silently
Up to the Moon is cast—

If he may know which way to go;
 For she guides him smooth or grim.
 See, brother, see! how graciously
 She looketh down on him.'

FIRST VOICE.

The Mariner
 hath been cast
 into a trance; for
 the angelic power
 causeth the ves-
 sel to drive north-
 ward faster than
 human life can
 endure.

“ But why drives on that ship so fast,
 Without or wave or wind ? ”

SECOND VOICE.

‘ The air is cut away before,
 And closes from behind.

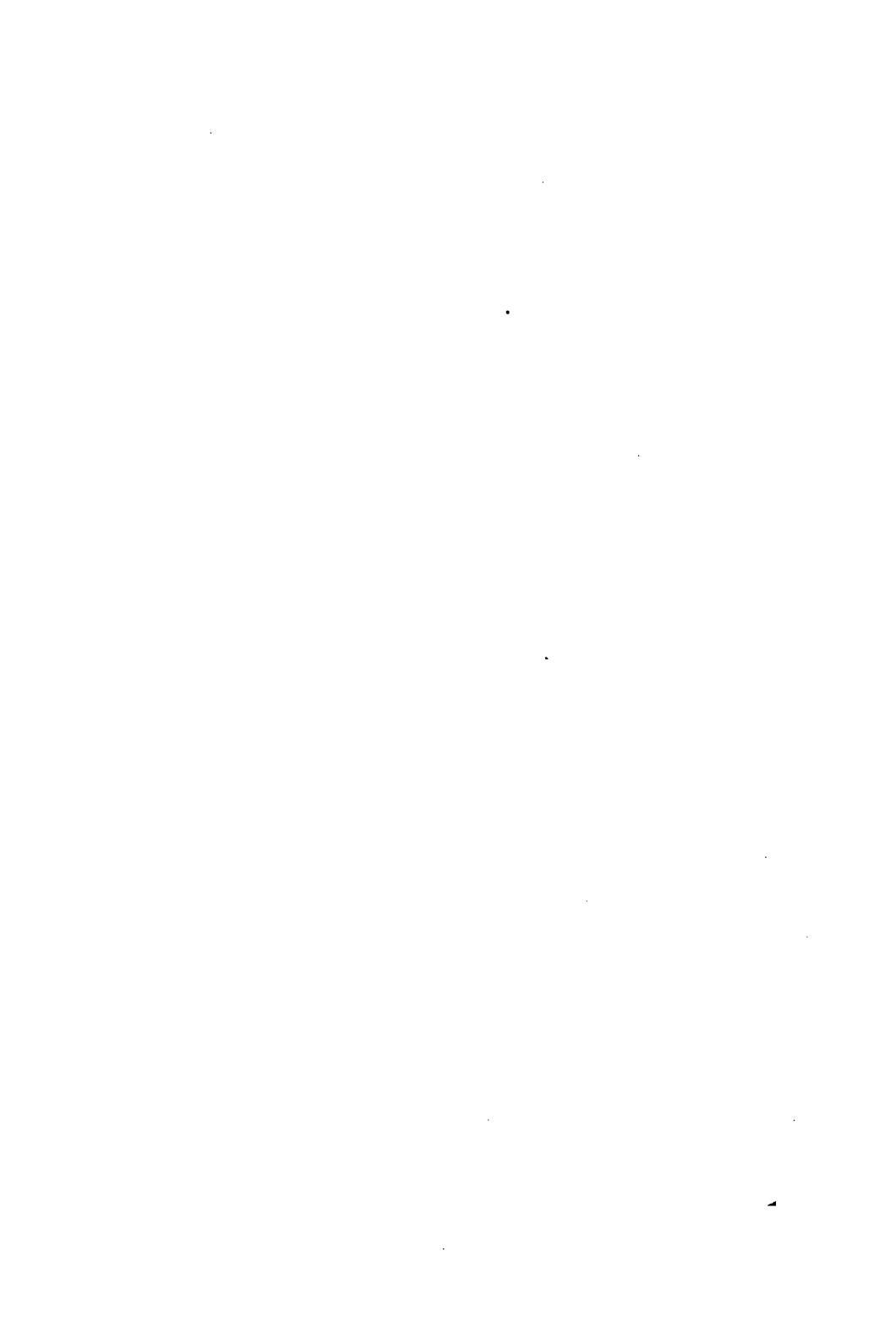
“ Fly, brother, fly ! more high, more high !
 Or we shall be belated :
 For slow and slow that ship will go,
 When the Mariner’s trance is abated.’

The supernatural
 motion is re-
 retarded; the Ma-
 riner awakes,
 and his penance
 begins anew.

“ I woke, and we were sailing on
 As in a gentle weather :
 ’Twas night, calm night, the moon was high;
 The dead men stood together.

“ All stood together on the deck,
 For a charnel-dungeon fitter :
 All fixed on me their stony eyes,
 That in the Moon did glitter.

“ The pang, the curse, with which they died,
 Had never passed away :
 I could not draw my eyes from theirs,
 Nor turn them up to pray.





“ And now this spell was snapt : once more I viewed the ocean green, The curse is finally expiated ;



And looked far forth, yet little saw
Of what had else been seen—

The Rime of

“Like one that on a lonesome road
Doth walk in fear and dread,
And having once turned round walks on,
And turns no more his head ;
Because he knows, a frightful fiend
Doth close behind him tread.

“ But soon there breathed a wind on me,
Nor sound nor motion made :
Its path was not upon the sea,
In ripple or in shade.

“ It raised my hair, it fann'd my cheek,
Like a meadow-gale of spring—
It mingled strangely with my fears,
Yet it felt like a welcoming.

“ Swiftly, swiftly flew the ship,
Yet she sailed softly too :
Sweetly, sweetly blew the breeze—
On me alone it blew.

And the ancient Mariner be- holdeth his na- tive country. “ Oh ! dream of joy ! is this indeed
The light-house top I see ?
Is this the hill ? is this the kirk ?
Is this mine own countree ?

“ We drifted o'er the harbour-bar,
And I with sobs did pray—
O let me be awake, my God !
Or let me sleep alway.



“ The harbour-bay was clear as glass,
So smoothly it was strewn !
And on the bay the moonlight lay,
And the shadow of the moon.



“ The rock shone bright, the kirk no less,
That stands above the rock :

The moonlight steeped in silentness,
The steady weathercock.

“ And the bay was white with silent light
Till, rising from the same,
Full many shapes, that shadows were,
In crimson colours came.

The angelic spirits leave the dead bodies,

And appear in their own forms of light.

“ A little distance from the prow
Those crimson shadows were :
I turned my eyes upon the deck--
Oh, Christ ! what saw I there !

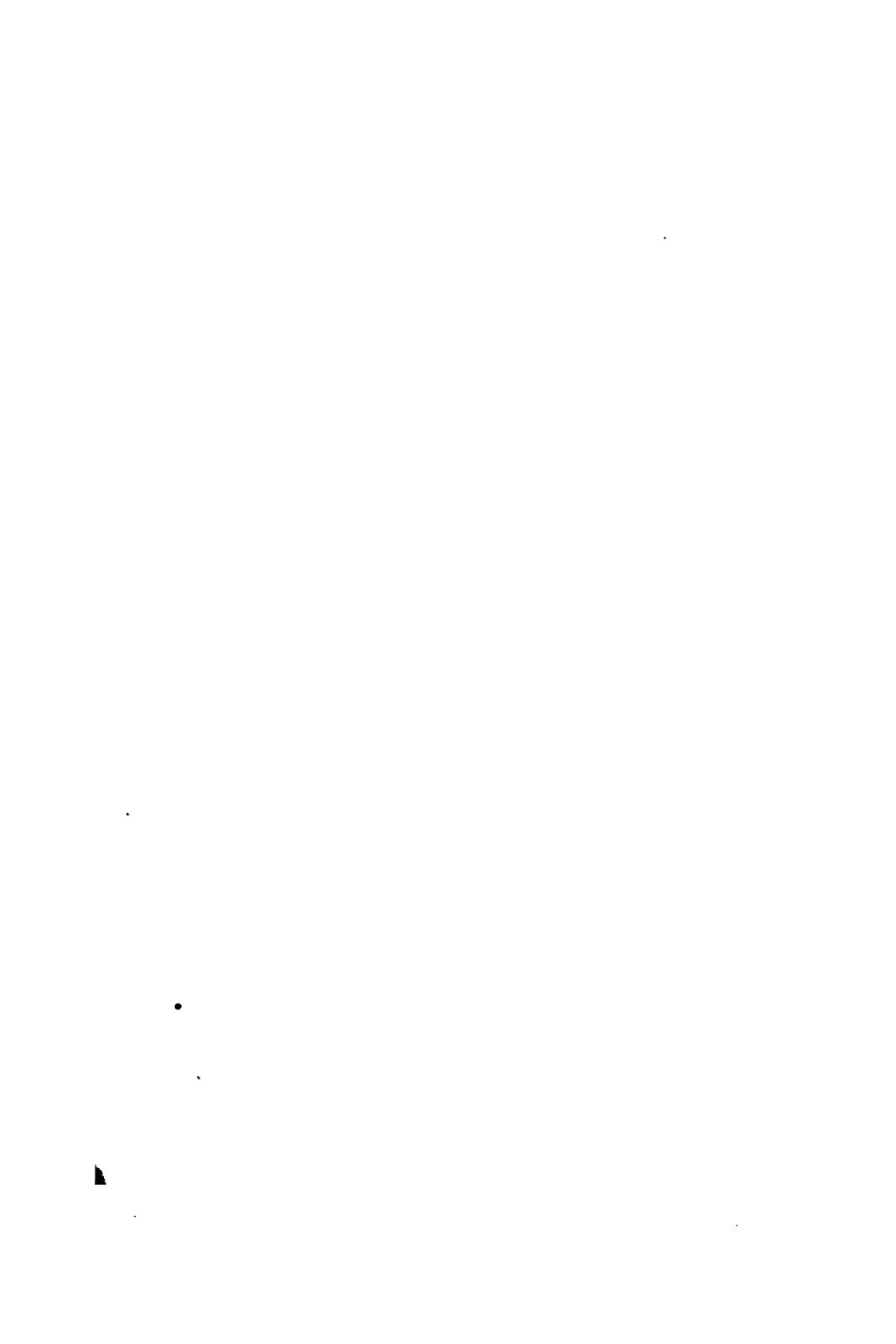
“ Each corse lay flat, lifeless and flat,
And by the holy rood !
A man all light, a seraph-man,
On every corse there stood.

“ This seraph-band, each waved his hand,
It was a heavenly sight !
They stood as signals to the land,
Each one a lovely light ;

“ This seraph-band, each waved his hand,
No voice did they impart—
No voice ; but oh ! the silence sank
Like music on my heart.

“ But soon I heard the dash of oars,
I heard the Pilot’s cheer ;
My head was turned perforce away,
And I saw a boat appear.





“ The Pilot and the Pilot’s boy,
I heard them coming fast:
Dear Lord in Heaven! it was a joy
The dead men could not blast.

“ I saw a third—I heard his voice :
It is the Hermit good !
He singeth loud his godly hymns
That he makes in the wood.
He’ll shrieve my soul, he’ll wash away
The Albatross’s blood.”

PART VII.

“ THIS Hermit good lives in that wood
Which slopes down to the sea.
How loudly his sweet voice he rears !
He loves to talk with marineres
That come from a far countree.

The Hermit of
the wood

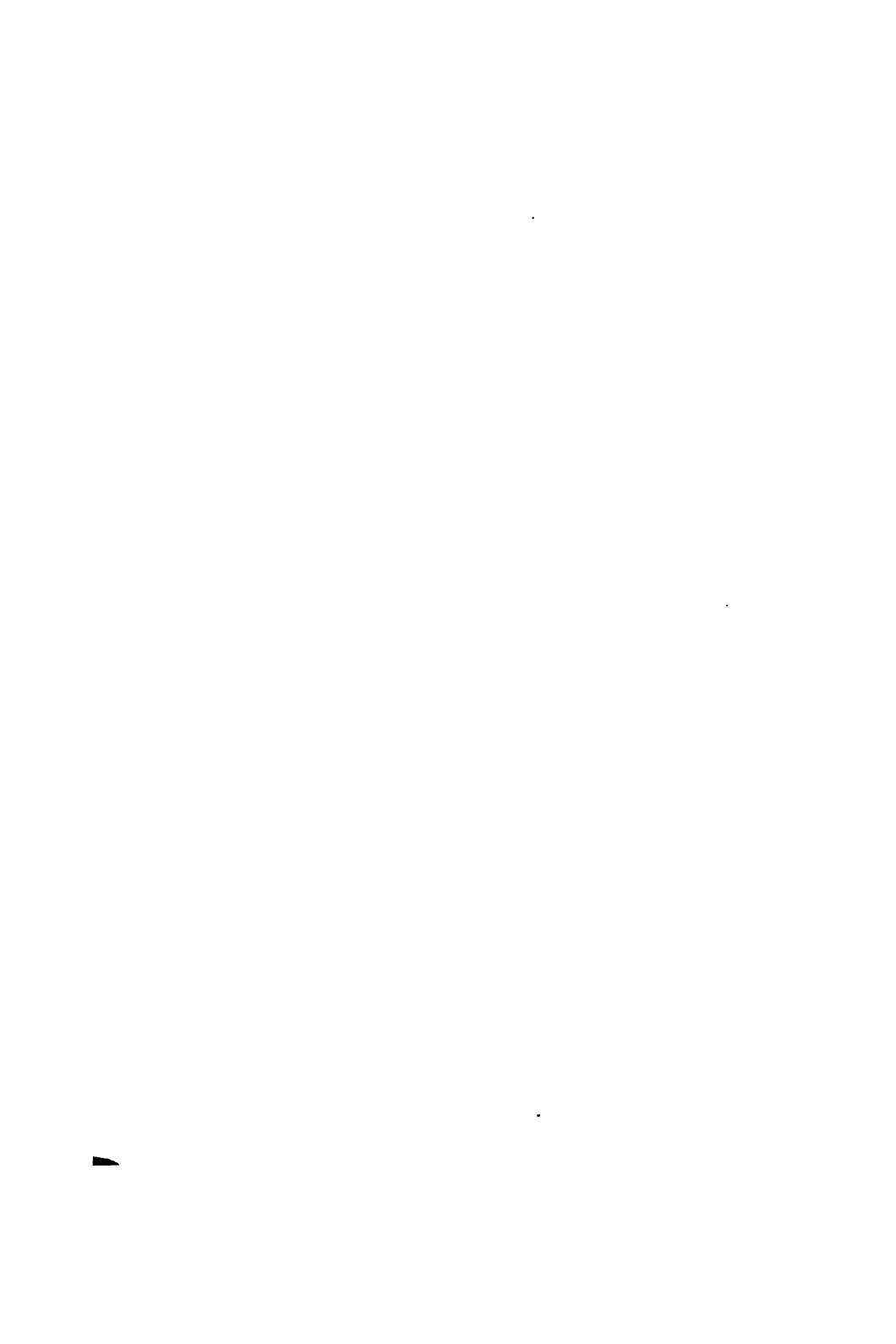
“ He kneels at morn, and noon, and eve —
He hath a cushion plump :
It is the moss that wholly hides
The rotted old oak stump.

“ The skiff-boat neared : I heard them talk,
‘ Why, this is strange, I trow !
Where are those lights so many and fair,
That signal made but now ? ’

Approacheth the “ ‘ Strange, by my faith ! ’ the Hermit said—
ship with won- ‘ And they answered not our cheer.
der.



The planks looked warped ! and see those sails,
How thin they are and sere !



I never saw aught like to them,
Unless perchance it were

“ ‘ Brown skeletons of leaves that lag
My forest-brook along ;
When the ivy-tod is heavy with snow,
And the owlet whoops to the wolf below
That eats the she-wolf’s young.’

“ ‘ Dear Lord ! it hath a fiendish look—
(The Pilot made reply)
I am a-feared ’—‘ Push on, push on !’
Said the Hermit cheerily.

“ The boat came closer to the ship,
But I nor spake nor stirred ;
The boat came close beneath the ship,
And straight a sound was heard.

“ Under the water it rumbled on,
Still louder and more dread :
It reached the ship, it split the bay ;
The ship went down like lead.

The ship sud-
denly sinketh.

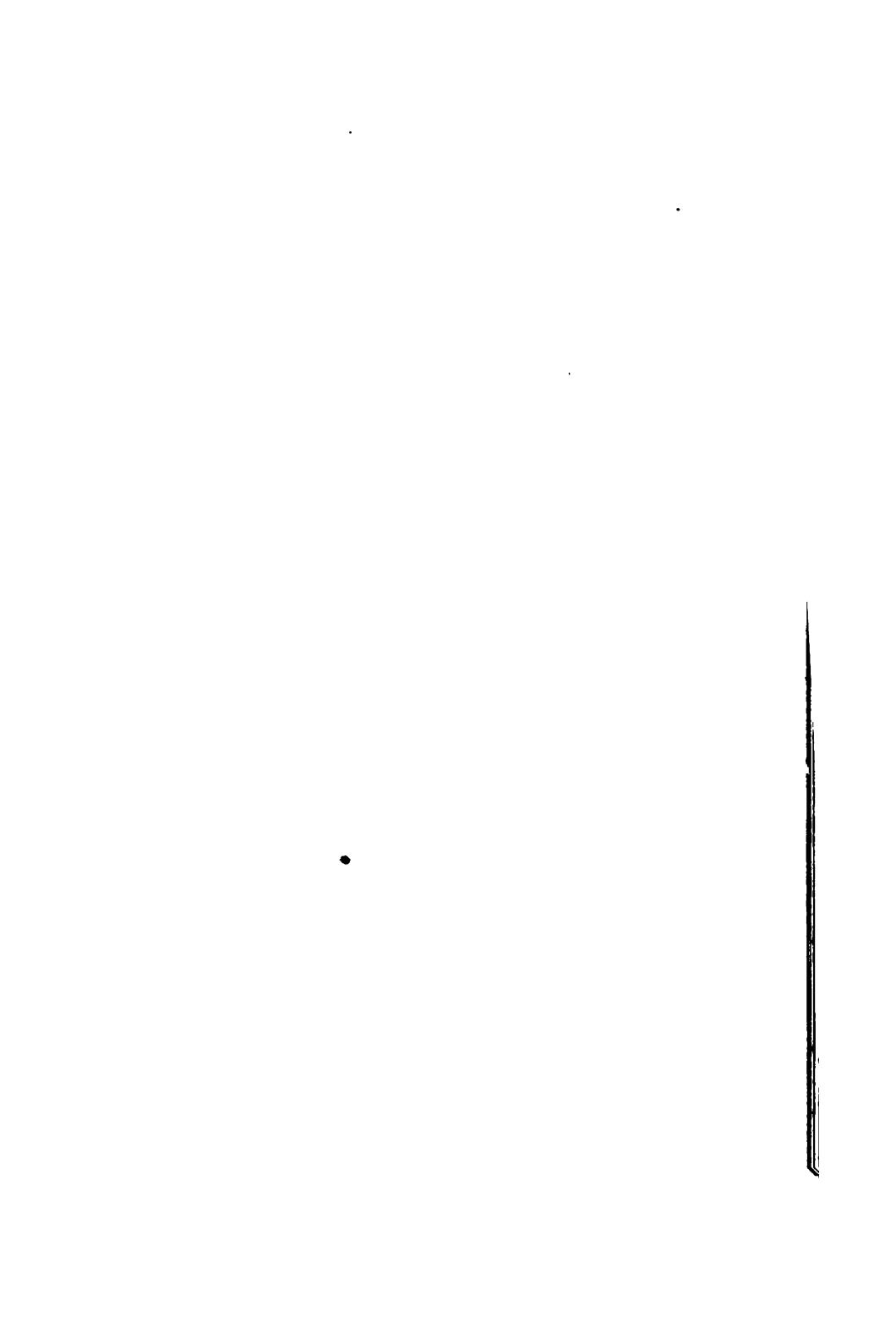
“ Stunned by that loud and dreadful sound,
Which sky and ocean smote,
Like one that hath been seven days drowned
My body lay afloat ;
But swift as dreams, myself I found
Within the Pilot’s boat.

The ancient Ma-
riner is saved in
the Pilot’s boat.

“ Upon the whirl, where sank the ship,
The boat spun round and round;



And all was still, save that the hill
Was telling of the sound.



“ I moved my lips—the Pilot shrieked
And fell down in a fit ;



The holy Hermit raised his eyes,
And prayed where he did sit.

“ I took the oars : the Pilot’s boy,
 Who now doth crazy go,
 Laughed loud and long, and all the while
 His eyes went to and fro.
 ‘ Ha ! ha ! ’ quoth he, ‘ full plain I see,
 The Devil knows how to row.’

“ And now, all in my own countree,
 I stood on the firm land !
 The Hermit stepped forth from the boat,
 And scarcely he could stand.

The ancient Mariner earnestly entreateth the Hermit to shrieve him ; and the penance of life falls on him :

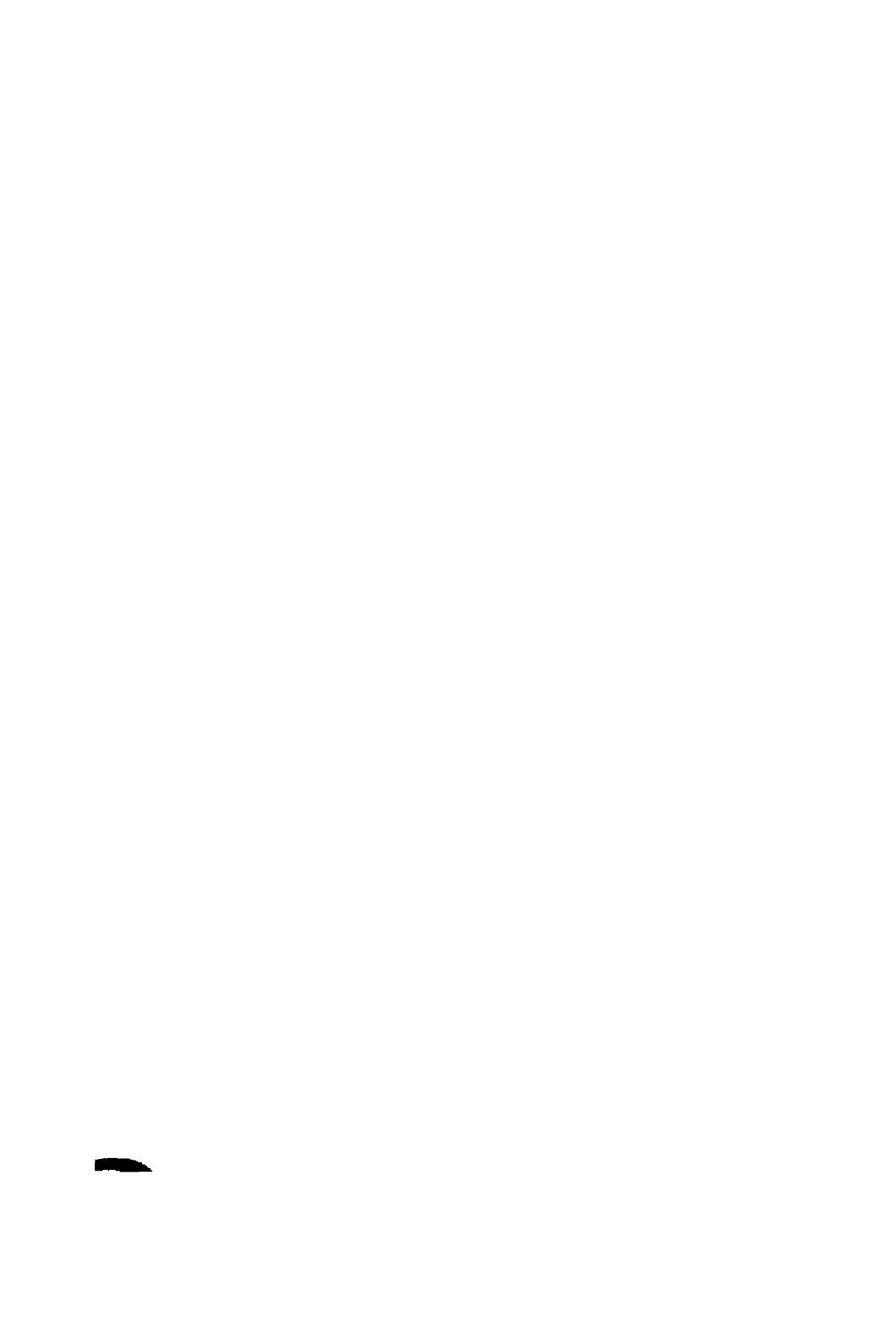
“ ‘ O shrieve me, shrieve me, holy man ! ’
 The Hermit crossed his brow.
 ‘ Say quick,’ quoth he, ‘ I bid thee say—
 What manner of man art thou ? ’

“ Forthwith this frame of mine was wrenched
 With a woful agony,
 Which forced me to begin my tale ;
 And then it left me free.

And ever and anon throughout his future life an agony constraineth him to travel from land to land,

“ Since then, at an uncertain hour,
 That agony returns :
 And till my ghastly tale is told,
 This heart within me burns.

“ I pass, like night, from land to land ;
 I have strange power of speech ;
 That moment that his face I see,
 I know the man that must hear me :
 To him my tale I teach.



“What loud uproar bursts from that door!
The wedding-guests are there:



But in the garden-bower the bride
And bride-maids singing are:

And hark the little vesper bell,
Which biddeth me to prayer !

“ O Wedding-Guest ! this soul hath been
Alone on a wide, wide sea :
So lonely 'twas, that God himself
Scarce seemed there to be.

“ O sweeter than the marriage-feast,
'Tis sweeter far to me,
To walk together to the kirk
With a goodly company ! —

“ To walk together to the kirk,
And all together pray,
While each to his great Father bends,
Old men, and babes, and loving friends,
And youths and maidens gay !

And to teach, by
his own example,
love and rever-
rence to all things
that God made
and loveth.

“ Farewell, farewell ! but this I tell
To thee, thou Wedding-Guest !
He prayeth well, who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.

“ He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things both great and small ;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.”

The Mariner, whose eye is bright,
Whose beard with age is hoar,
Is gone : and now the Wedding-Guest
Turned from the Bridegroom's door.

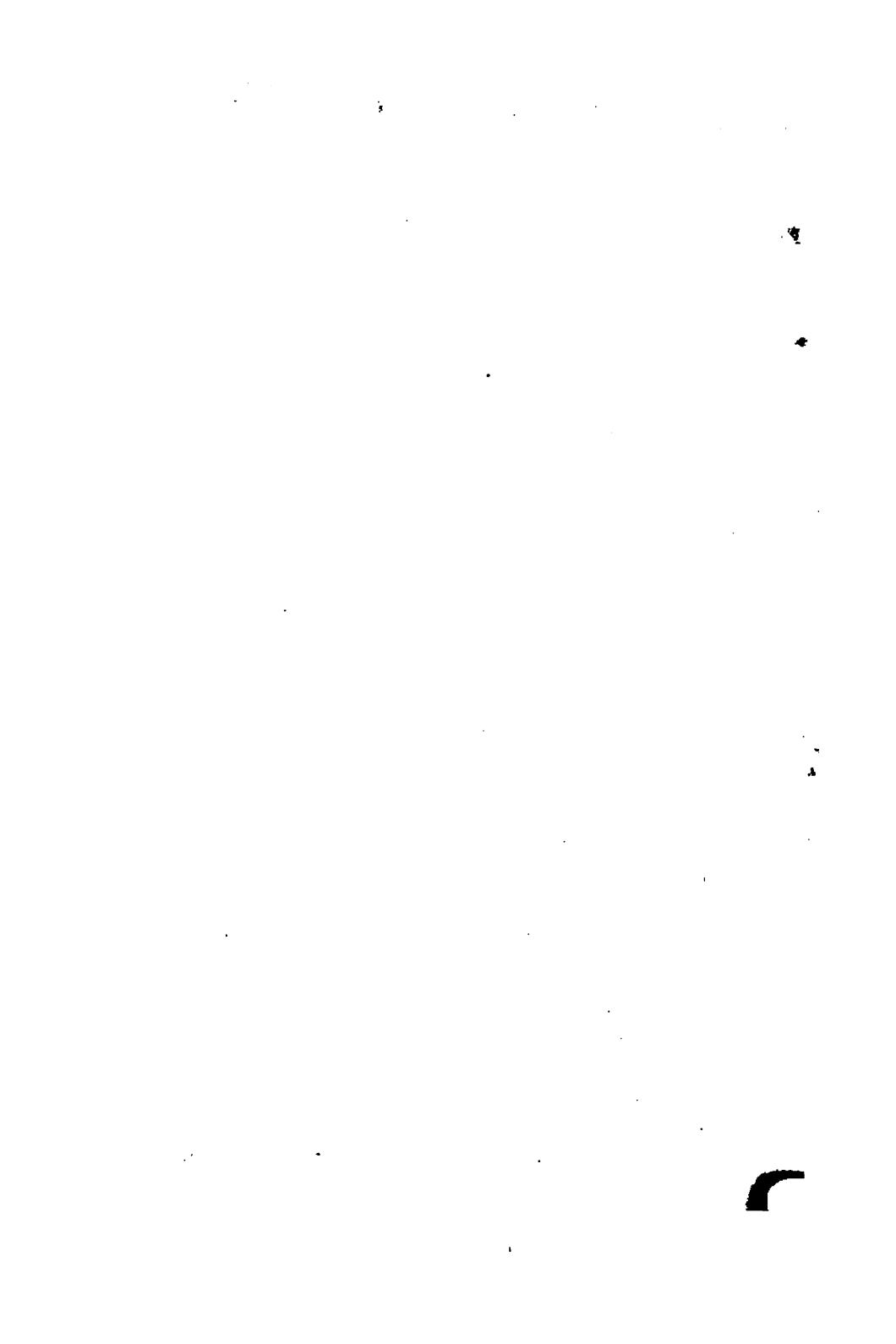




He went like one that hath been stunned,
And is of sense forlorn :
A sadder and a wiser man
He rose the morrow morn.



LONDON:—PRINTED BY R. CLAY.





BOUND BY
DNE & SON,
1877



